

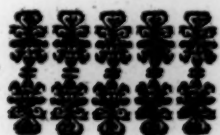
THE
Way to HEAVEN
in a String.

OR,

Mr. A^{quill}--'s Argument *his paper is written*
on a piece of paper & is written on a piece of paper
BURLESQU'D.

A POEM.

CANTO I.



LONDON,

Printed for A. Baldwin, in Warwick-Lane.
MDCC:

WAVE TO HEAVEN

in 5 parts.

Mr. A. S. ALFORD

BURTON

A. P. O. E. M.

CHAMBER



LONDON

Printed for A. Baldwin, in Warwick-Lane.
MDCG.

To the READER.

WE have of late been entertain'd with many pretty Whimms in Divinity; but this the finest of them all: A Religious Piece of Knight-Errantry, to which if I said any thing at all, I thought it must be in Burlesque; for the Humour is comical enough. Pity it is this wondrous Man had not liv'd in the Infancy of Time, and taught poor Mortals this Lesson, ere Death for so many Thousands of Years had ravaged the habitable parts of the World, and glutted it self with the Spoils of Mankind. The Scythe of Death had then a long time ago been rusty and useless, and the Sands in the Glass of Time had run to no purpose. But we of these latter Ages of the World must have the only Advantage of his Project, who will not go out of the VWorld in the Common Road of his Neighbours; but in a manner peculiar to himself,

Hinc Itur ad Astra.

Bootatus & Spurratus ire ad Cœlum; away mounts our Friend John, and leaves this declining VWorld lessening out of sight.

These are the first Lines that ever I attempted in Dogrel, and according to their reception in the VWorld perhaps may be the last. The Design will bear a great many more; and my Lines flow as the Learned Dr. Bunyan says of his,

They came to mine own Heart, thence to my Head,
Thence to my Fingers ends they trickled;
Thence to my Pen, and then immediately
On Paper I did drible it daintily.

Mr. A---'s
 ARGUMENT
 BURLESQU'D.

THERE are some things are counted Real;
 In which we Mortals do agree all:
 Things form'd by cunning Allegories
 We do account to be meer Stories.

Some write of Fights of Mice and Froggs,
 And others prate of Mastiff Dogs:
 One has the *Fairy Queen* espy'd,
 And told the Tale, as if he ly'd,
 Of *Tib* and *Tom*, and *Mib* and *Mab*,
 Names ne'er attain'd by Poet *Squab*.
 But while such Fools do please Mens Fancies
 With idle *Canto's* of Romances,
 I'll tell you of a greater Knight
 Than e'er made Love, or mov'd in Fight:

He neither was a Priest nor Parson,
 Or Warriors Saddle laid his Arse on;
 Yet in Divinity Profound,
 He could great Sophisters confound;
 Knew difference 'twixt the *Jews* and *Turks*,
 And had read Learned *Bunyan's* Works;
 Had *Brooks* his Golden Pippins read,
 And by the wiser Folk 'tis said,
 He can as learnedly dispute
 As Parson *Keith*, or fam'd *Giles Shute*.
 He sagely in his Youth foresaw
 That Truths Divine need Props of Law,

B

To

To study which he did adhere,
 And in't became a Barister:
 He something else at length became,
 An Office got I must not name;
Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.

He never bow'd his stubborn Knee
 In any Feats of Chivalry,
 Despising such Knight-Errantry,
 Where People for the very nonce
 Do fracture one another's Bones;
 As Bullocks fight in Marshes fed,
 To try which has the hardest Head.
 He never lov'd the dismal Sounds
 Of murd'ring Guns, of Blood and Wounds:
 He still abhorr'd the frightful Sight,
 The sad effect of cruel Fight.
 He never got a broken Head,
 Or for a Wound had Plaster spread;
 Had no mischance in any Points,
 To dislocate his nimble Joints,
 But such Disasters as befall
 In Battels Metaphysical;
 Which, tho securing Head and Snout,
 Do craze the Brains, not beat 'em out.

By a deep insight in Religion
 He found how *Mahomet*, and his Pigeon,
 Did fly from hence to blest Abodes,
 Translated to the very Gods;
 With ev'ry Pinion not unhing'd,
 And not one Feather of 'em sing'd.
 In sacred Scripture he had read
 How *Enoch* and *Elijah* fled
 To Heav'n by Faith, and in their flying
 Disdain'd the Common way of Dying,
 Which does Mankind in Thralldom fetter,
 Only because they know no better.

He and his Printer did agree
 To set men from this Bondage free;
 And now *Sir Knight* has got a *Squire*,
 As fit as e'er he could desire:
 To preach this Doctrine would be vain,
 Disturb the Head, and Lungs would strain.
 Let Parsons preach, and Clerks go whistle,
 They'l do the business by Epistle,
 Which has of late gain'd Profelytes
 Of *Tolandists* and *Asgilites*,
 Who form new Articles Divine,
 Exceeding far our Thirty nine.

In *London Town* there's scarcely found
 One Corner of that fertile Ground,
 Which does not to the Age afford
 New Sects all founded on the Word,
 Who like Logicians do dispute,
 And one another still confute;
 All of 'em Orthodox, and all
 Alike are Apostolical.
 But tho they make such zealous pother,
 Some do thrive better than the other;
 As Plants more generous are found
 To flourish best in fattest Ground:
 Some tall ones scatter do their Seed,
 And new ones do as Maggots breed;
 Whilst these to height are always shoving,
 Some others only are improving.
St. Pauls scarce outdoes *Salters-Hall*,
 Tho its high Roof be far more tall:
 Octavo Band, and Cloak Divine,
 As Folio Cassock is as fine:
 The little Roundhead looks as big
 As Bishop in his powder'd Wig.
 And eke a wondrous Reformation
 Is happened in this godly Nation.

After a many stubborn Greetings,
 The King is pray'd for in the Meerings,
 That he may live long in the Nation;
 Of publick Funds a long duration:
 For these no King did e'er adore,
 But what encreas'd their private Store.
 Pardon, good Reader, I digress,
 'Tis common in Pindarick Verse,
 And eke in this it must be too,
 If I but please to make it so;
 And I, without a Reason for't,
 Will make 'em long, or cut 'em short.
 Poets are Princes in their Station,
 Although they govern not the Nation;
 No man their Pow'r did yet dispute,
 But always held 'em absolute.

Now had *Sir Knight* his Brain imploy'd
 How he might conquer, and avoid
 Old Death, that cunning subtle Fox,
 Who lays Mankind in Earthy Stocks:
 Says he, good *Squire*, 'tis but folly
 To sit thus pensive, melancholy;
 Put but my Notions into print,
 We'll conquer Death, or Devil's in't.
 I am Robustick, tho I'm Civil,
 And grown a Match e'en for the Devil.
 The Crooked Serpent, who by Lying
 Entices Mankind into Dying,
 So far does foolish Men deceive,
 They cannot the dull Custom leave.
 Had they but Faith, they need not die,
 Like *Enoch* might *ad Astra* fly,
 And view the Regions of the Sky.

But here the *Squire* to *Knight* reply'd,
 You have not yet your Notion try'd:

Your mighty Faith your Sense enthral,
 'Tis Philosophically false;
 For what is born must surely die,
 Or else Philosophers do lie:
 All that is nourish'd is unstable,
 And is *revera* corruptible;
 And Death, deciding of the strife,
 Is but Corruption of our Life.
 You must not Notions, Sir, espouse
 That do the Bonds of Nature loose,
 And with such vehemence dispute 'em,
 When e'ry Church-yard does confute 'em.
 Besides, Sir, where is your Protection
 Against received Resurrection?
 For it appears to all the Wise,
 If we don't die we shall not rise.
 You may for this be brought in Court,
 And there be made to answer for't;
 They'l use you there like any Dog,
 When you're once seiz'd by *Robbin Hog*:
 For, Sir, the Liberty to scribe
 Allows you not at Church to nibble;
 And there I'll leave you in the lurch,
 When you plant Cannons 'gainst the Church.
 Such things as these would whilome tear yo,
 In the late Reign of Great *Rogero*:
 Not that *Rogero* of great Note,
 Of whom *Orlando* justly wrote,
 Who with *Alcyna* did discourse
 By Assignations of Amours;
 But that *Rogero* which did fill
 The World with Observators ill;
 Who such ill Tenents to redress,
 Was made Oppressor of the Press;
 VWho tho he's outed of his Reign,
 His Squire's Pow'r does still remain.

To this reply'd the Doughty *Knight*,
 Thou shalt not me with Fancies fright.
 Nought that's heroick, or that's rare-a,
 But was achiev'd by Great *Don Zara*,
 VVhose Actions gave his Name a Hogo,
 He got the Title of *Del Fogo*;
 And tho he was a man of Valour,
 He oft was squeez'd by Fortunes Squallor;
 And *Sancho* too (his Fates be thanked)
 VVas sadly tossed in a Blanket:
 Yet these did ne'er repine at Fate,
 To keep off Blow would scarce guard Pate.
 I will encounter *Jews* and *Turks*,
 Defy the Devil and his VVorks,
 Both thy *Rogero*, and his Squire,
 And their Ecclesiastick Fire.
Roger belong'd unto that Priesthood
 VVhich never yet did do the least good:
 He was a Light to the Dark-Lanthorns,
 VVhich neither Sockets have, nor han't Horns.
 If these my Notions do molest,
 It's Persecution, Sir, at best;
 Of modern date a Law too saith,
 No man shall suffer for his Faith.

Here did the *Squire* long stand amaz'd,
 And after on the *Knight* had gaz'd;
 Quoth he, it is not Persecution,
 VVhen against you in execution:
 Our Laws do only favour weak
 And Infant Christians, who can't take
 The stronger Meats; but you are strong,
 Almost Omnipotent in wrong.
 Your self-applauding Vanity
 Is meer downright Profanity:
 You know a wondrous deal of Faith,
 But not one word the Scripture saith.

'Tis true, good *Enoch* and *Elijah*
 Alive to Saints above did fly-a ;
 And this was done by Faith and Prayer,
 But neither of 'em was a Lawyer ;
 They of Canary took no Dose,
 Nor tippl'd Claret at the *Rose* :
 They in their Lives were exemplary,
 Seldom or never did miscarry.
 VVe can't in you like Faith believe,
 Unless you like Example give.

Quoth *Knight*, my Friend, thou'r't very dull,
 Good God ! Full fill thy empty Scull.
 Those Tenents which from Faith arise,
 To Mortal Men are Mysteries :
 It is not likely they should know
 The way translated Men do go ;
 They cannot see the upper Skies,
 Because they look with dying Eyes ;
 They can no more such Truth unriddle
 Than Story of the Bear and Fiddle,
 VVas sung, but broke off in the middle. }
 As for my way of living, wou'd
 It were as pious *Enoch's* good.
 But here, my Friend, you do me banter ;
 For you do know I am no Ranter :
 Altho for Grace I don't much stickle,
 And sigh and groan at Conventicle ;
 VVith little Band am seldom found,
 Or Locks are circumcised round ;
 Yet tho I do not cant and pray,
 I am not half so lewd as they :
 And Godly Looks do ne'er impart
 The secret Treasure of the Heart,
 Which, if it does once entertain
 Vile Thoughts, Religion is but vain.

I in a Band could look as grave
 As any Conventicle Knave,
 Cou'd wring my Chaps into Grimaces,
 And make a hundred Godly Faces,
 Cou'd sit as dull as any Log,
 And grunt and groan like any Hog;
 But these are odd sorts of Religions,
 Contriv'd by Knaves for foolish Wigeons;
 May be for them a Godly Fashion,
 But are not fitted for Translation.
 All my Disciples must be airy,
 And dance as nimble as a Fairy,
 Must never think of sordid Dying,
 But practise must the Art of Flying.

The End of the first Canto.